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Their Majesties Abroad

—OR—

Ferdinand and Isabella.

AN HISTORICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

IN TWO ACTS

By DANIEL O'CONNELL.

GIVEN BY THE

Pupils of the Pacific Heights Grammar School

MISS M. MCKENZIE, PRINCIPAL.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

MAY 25, 1892

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PROLOGUE.

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— o —

Parents and friends, we bid you welcome, we
This night will manufacture history.

Or rather, for our ends, will history change,
And through absurdities untrammelled range.

Dates and events, by the historian prized,
By us, you'll see, are utterly despised.

The mighty men that flourished in the past,
With creatures of the poet's brain, we'll cast.

Fiction and fact are strangely blended here,
Days, weeks and months, bound in one mighty year.

From Spanish shores, Columbus' fleet will bring
Fair Isabella, and her loving King.

The Admiral himself will take command,
And steer them safely to Columbia's land ;

Be not astonished then if, on the piers,
Mortals they meet, who many, many years

After their Majesties had died, were born
Who'll bid them welcome on this fateful morn,

And with those people who once trod the land,
The ideal beings of the books will stand ;

The quick and the dead will mingle in the throng,
And merry make with quip, and jest, and song.

So for our play, and for the players' art,
We pray you criticise in kindly part.

The actor's skill, his sorrow, valor, rage,
And all the cultured business of the stage.

By us must be with imperfections rife,
But then we're not long on the stage of life.

THEIR MAJESTIES ABROAD.

ACT I.

SCENE—Colonial New York.

(Curtain rises, and discovered on the stage are: Miles Standish, Captain John Smith, George Washington, Rip Van Winkle, Marquis de Lafayette, Peter Stuyvesant, Roger Williams, William Penn, Benedict Arnold, Burghers, etc.)

CHORUS:—

[Music by W. N. Gates.]

Oh! this indeed is bliss,
That though from distant places,
In this metropolis
We meet familiar faces;
And some of us descry
In the people we discern,
Bright names in history
Which we have yet to learn,
Bright names in history
Which we have yet, have yet to learn.

ROGER WILLIAMS:—

I'd like to introduce
Myself to all these people;
| My ways | are fast and loose,
Though my hat is like a steeple.

CHORUS:—

Ah! this is quite too sad,
'Twill surely make a ruction—
| He says | his ways are bad,
Upon his introduction.

RIP VAN WINKLE:—

For years I've lain beneath,
The merry stars that twinkle;
| In fine | I've cheated death—
My name is Rip Van Winkle.

CHORUS:—

Now, this we can't believe;
 Our doubts we cannot smother;
 | Not Rip | Van Winkle this,
 But his younger, youngest brother.

WILLIAM PENN:—

And I am William, Penn;
 This, Marquis Lafayette,
 I | really | cannot say,
 That e'er before we met.

CHORUS:—

Ah! this is utterly absurd,
 We cannot see the point;
 By his'try, every word
 Is simply out of joint.

BENEDICT ARNOLD:—

Since everybody here,
 Has freely had his say,
 I'm | looking | round, I swear,
 For some one to betray.

CHORUS:—

Please, Mr. Arnold, do
 Move off the other way;
 We have no place, for you;
 There's no one to betray.

PETER STUYVESANT:—

Dis all is very, goot,
 And each a roaring blade is;
 But in our merry, mood,
 We've quite forgot de ladies.

(Enter Evangeline, Pocahontas, Dame Rip Van Winkle, Dame Stuyvesant, Minnehaha.)

CHORUS:—

Oh! this is really very fine,
 The way we work the oracle;
 Behold! approach in line,
 Those ladies, all historical,

DAME RIP VAN WINKLE:—

We give you! good day, gentlemen. (*Sees Rip, who endeavors to hide, but is pointed at by Arnold.*) Your place is home in the woodshed, fellow! How dare you come here?

RIP VAN WINKLE:—

Oh, dear! I knew I should be betrayed when I saw that Arnold. Do, Dame, let me stay and see the big ship come in.

POCAHONTAS:—

Yes, Dame, let him stay; I will keep him awake. I will, won't I, Rip?

RIP VAN WINKLE:—

Awake? Oh! my Pokey! I have not had a nap since that long sleep of mine that man Joe Jefferson made so much of. Sleep, indeed!—with her at my heels! I fancy not.

GENERAL WASHINGTON:—

Ladies and gentlemen, I've crossed the Delaware myself this morning, on my way to Valley Forge, to see this ship. When is she due?

PAUL JONES:—

As I am about the most nautical character in the crowd, I may as well inform you that she will be at the wharf in five minutes, Greenwich time.

PRESIDENT HARRISON:—

I understand there are some very distinguished people on board. I've had a fresh coat of paint on the White House to make it cheerful, should they feel inclined to board with me.

CORTEZ:—

Oh! come; this won't do! These people are from my part of Europe, and I have a nice Spanish boarding house—tamales fresh every day,—where they will be most comfortable, I assure you.

(*Enter Alma Ponce de Leon.*)

PONCE DE LEON:—

Here! here! What are you doing? I thought I told you to remain at home and fry the tortillas.

ALMA:—

Si, Senor; but before I fry the tortillas, I must have some money to buy the flour to make them with.

PAUL JONES:—

(*Gruffly.*) Well then, dance, girl. Everybody in this crowd works for a living.

(*Alma dances.*)

CHORUS:—

(*As gun fires.*) Huzza! huzza! here they come! here they come!

(*Caravel with name "Santa Maria" painted on it, draws alongside. On board are Columbus, Ferdinand, Isabella, sailors and courtiers.*)

CHORUS:—

All hail to Columbus! behold him come hither!
He has crossed the Atlantic in most shocking weather.
Cheer, for the Admiral! cheer, all together!

PONCE DE LEON:—

You're not at all gallant. Cannot you tell a fair queen when you see her? Behold Isabella!
And Ferdinand, too, with his grip and umbrella!

(*As the party step ashore on the gang plank, the persons on the stage range themselves on either side, shouting "Capitol Washington," "White House," "Lick Observatory," "This way for Bunker Hill," "Occidental," "Palace," "What Cheer House," "International," "Russ House," etc.*)

ISABELLA:—

Oh! do stop! you are a fearfully noisy lot, and make my head ache! So this is America, Columbus!

COLUMBUS:—

Yes, your Majesty. Now that you are at last convinced, what do you think of it?

ISABELLA:—

Not half bad, Admiral. How does it strike you, Ferdinand?

FERDINAND:---

If I had my money back, I'd never take another share in that old caravel.

ISABELLA:—

'Pon my word! I rather like that! when it was my money, from my own resources of Castile, that went into the outfit. How very noisy these people are! I had hoped to have the pleasure of meeting Ward McAllister among them, to secure an introduction to the "Four Hundred."

BENEDICT ARNOLD:—

McAllister, ha! Here he is hiding behind this barrel. I must betray him. (*Hauls out McAllister and presents him to the Queen.*) Here he is! Your Majesty. He denied Tecumseh a card to the Western Addition Social on the ground of the color line, and he is afraid of being scalped.

ISABELLA:—

Ah! glad to see you, Mr. Mac! Can you recommend Ferd and myself to a really first class boarding house?

(*Here again cries of the names of the various hotels. Isabella puts her hands to her ears. Ferdinand opens his umbrella, and rushes for the gang plank, but is collared by Paul Jones.*)

PAUL JONES:—

No, no, my fine fellow! You may be a king in your country, but in this free republic you are simply plain Ferd, and I am Paul Jones, the pirate. Here! give me that umbrella.

FERDINAND:—

But, in order to be a consistent pirate, you should rob only on the high seas, don't you know.

WASHINGTON:—

Come, Jones, give him back that umbrella. Mac, introduce those distinguished arrivals to the reception committee.

MCALLISTER:—

Excuse me, with pleasure, Your Majesty.

(*On his introduction each comes forward and bows. Enter Maud Muller and the Judge.*)

WARD McALLISTER:—

Maud Muller and the Judge, Your Majesty. You may have heard about them in Old Madrid.

ISABELLA:—

Why, of course! but is there not some mistake? I thought that match never came off.

MAUD AND THE JUDGE:—

DUET. (*Music by H. J. Stewart.*)

Oh! yes, we are happily married,
And now ^{she} I no more ^{rakes} rake the hay;
But lounges about town in ^{her} my carriage,
In a lady-like millionaire way.

CHORUS:—

In a lady-like, millionaire way.

JUDGE:—

She's a very extravagant creature;
When I gaze on her milliner's bill,
A pallor steals over my features,—
I feel so exceedingly ill.

CHORUS:—

He feels so exceedingly ill.

MAUD:—

Your Majesty, when on that morning
We met, and I was but a Miss,
I drank, I assure you, plain water,
But he took something stronger in his.

CHORUS:—

Yes, he took something stronger in his.

JUDGE:—

Ah! me! 'twas a pitiful morning!
Oh! men! when you travel abroad,
I charge ye, by me now take warning,
When you ride out, keep on the highroad.

CHORUS

Oh! never forsake the highroad!
 Never forsake the highroad!
 Never forsake the highroad!

ISABELLA:—

Funny lot! but I suppose it is all right. Is there a
 Spanish restaurant anywhere about the wharf?

(Ponce de Leon and Cortez push to the front.)

PONCE DE LEON and CORTEZ, together:—

Si, Senora, frijoles, tortillas, tamales, fresh every day.

WARD McALLISTER:—

'Pon my word! this is really too bad. Stand back,
 you impertinent rabble! And you, O, Queen! please excuse
 their rudeness while I present to you two very interesting
 people from the neighboring village of Grand Pré—
 Evangeline and Gabriel *(advance and bow.)*

DUET. "Moses in Egypt." EVANGELINE and GABRIEL.

(Both.)

Our love is crowned,
 For he has found.
 I have found.
 His own, his sweet Evangeline;
 My own, my sweet Evangeline;
 He's sought me long,
 I've sought her long,
 You'll read in song,
 Of me, his sweet Evangeline;
 Of her, my sweet Evangeline;
 How much he's loved
 I've loved
 His own heart's queen,
 My own heart's queen,
 Boating on rivers day and night.

CHORUS:—

"Oh! have you seen Evangeline?"

BOTH:—

He walks alone, good folk, this day.
 I walk

GABRIEL:—

TENOR SOLO.

“ I have not seen Evangeline
On bay, or wood, or shore.
Evangeline, was gone
And I was left alone.
I thought that I no more, no more, would find her.”

CHORUS:—

Would not find her;
'Twas very sad! 'twas very sad!

ISABELLA:—

Quite well done! I assure you; I am positively getting quite reconciled to the place. ^{like} And who is this nice young man in boots?

MCALLISTER:—

Come here, Paul, and show yourself. Not you, Jones, keep back! For a plain, ordinary pirate, accustomed to salt water, you are entirely too fresh.—Revere, I mean.

(Paul comes forward cracking his whip and sings.)

[Music by A. P. Stephens.]

Since that wonderful ride I took
At night, beneath the stars,
You'll read about it all in books
Relating to our early wars;
Oh! I assure you, dames and sirs,
I always wear my spurs,
And crack my whip,
As on my trip
That night beneath the twinkling stars.

CHORUS:—

O! he always wears his spurs,
| And cracks his whip,
As on his trip |
That night beneath the stars.

SOLO:—

When those early colonists snored,
I cried, “ Get up you drones;
For if you don't, upon my word!
The British will pick your bones.”
Oh! I assure you, dames and sirs,

I always wear my spurs;
And crack my whip,
As on my trip
To wake those drowsy drones.

CHORUS:

Yes, he always wears his spurs,
| And cracks his whip,
As on that trip. |
To wake those drowsy drones.

JOHN SMITH:—

You are much too conceited, Revere. Pshaw! If you had fought Indians as I did, and almost got knocked on the head, but for Pocohontas, yonder, then you might boast.

REVERE:—

That may be all right; but no one ever wrote verses about you—plain Smith.

COLUMBUS:—

It seems to me you people are altogether too forward. I'd like to know where you would all have been if I had not found America?

WILLIAM PENN:—

Nonsense! Columbus! I found Pennsylvania, and am ever regarded as the type of a perfect American gentleman.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:—

Not while Benjamin is about, William. Don't forget my little kite, please. Why, bless me! Where would your lightning rods be but for me?

FERDINAND:—

Oh! bother those lightning rods! How long are you going to remain on this wharf, Bella? I am getting my death of cold. Come here, Smith, and some of you girls, and let us have a song.

(*Quartette:—Ferdinand, John Smith, Lady Wentworth and Dame Stuyvesant.*)

I've had so much of voyaging, of hard tack and salt pork,
I'd really like to taste for once, the fresh meats of New York.
The rocking in that ship for days has disagreed with me;
I'm awful glad to be ashore, I hate the dreadful sea,

Then be my guest this evening, I have a cosy nook,
And Pocohontas is indeed a very splendid cook.
Her tea and coffee are superb, her biscuits are supreme,
Her soups could vivify the dead, her pastry is a dream.

I am a Yankee countess—I can't tell what that means,
But in my castle I provide the very finest beans.—
And if you dine with me to-night, you'll find us all at
home.
You must of course be wearied of the ocean's fleecy
foam.

My good man Peter, will on cheese and foaming home-
brewed ale,
With lavish hospitality, your Majesties regale.
The ale is strong and for the cheese; why! ask the
neighbors here.
They say when I produce it, it clogs the atmosphere.

FERDINAND: { I'm I've
CHORUS: } We're awfully glad | you've come; |

FERDINAND: { I'm
CHORUS: } We're delighted to meet you, you see;

FERDINAND: { I'm
CHORUS: } We're awfully glad to meet
greet you;

FERDINAND: { I'll myself
CHORUS: } Pray make yourself at home.

For we are glad, are awfully glad, you've come,
Are awfully glad to meet you,
Pray make yourself at home.

FERDINAND:—

Thanks, awfully. I'm hungry enough to accept all these invitations, if you would kindly arrange the hours to suit. But who is that sour-looking individual glowering on Priscilla, the Puritan Maiden?

BENEDICT ARNOLD:

Ha! ha! I'll betray him. That, Your Majesty, is Miles Standish; he was desperately in love with Pris., and that soft-looking, smooth-faced fellow over there, one John Alden, courted her, and she jilted him, and—

PAUL JONES: (*Collaring Arnold.*)

You! here! now get out! You are never happy unless you are betraying some one. Cheer up! Miles. John looks delicate, and no one can say how soon Priscilla will be a widow.

MILES STANDISH:

In a valley by the stream,
Lived that angel of my dream;
It was in a peanut grove
That I told her, that I told her first of love.
Then she blushing looked down,
Asked me take her into town,
And buy her a silken gown;
Oh! why did I? ah! why did I let her rove?

CHORUS:

Why did flashes from her eyes
Take that puny Alden prize,
That young fellow we despise,
Who's not half bold Miles' size?
Oh! why! oh! why!
Right from her eyes,
Take that, take that,
That Alden prize.
Oh! that young chap
That we despise,
Oh, he's not half
Bold Miles' size.

SOLO:

Oh! Priscilla, fair and sweet,
Oh! why did you ever meet
Johnny Alden, trim and neat,

One day walking, one day walking on the street?
 Why did flashes from your eyes
 Then take Johnny Alden prize?
 Take him promptly into 'camp;
 That young fellow, puny fellow, I despise.

CHORUS—*Repeat.*

POCAHONTAS:

I always did think it too bad that Priscilla treated you so shabbily, Miles. Now, I don't see why you should not pay your attentions to Minnehaha.

HIAWATHA:

Come, now; none of that! Minnehaha is my ward, and is under engagement at a high salary to appear at the World's Fair, by a syndicate of Prohibitionists. Laughing Water, you know, will be a rare article in Chicago.

MINNEHAHA—Solo:

1. He promised me that when we landed there,
 To join that circus at Chicago's fair,
 That every night he'd buy me nice ice-cream,
 And oysters fried; ah! what a happy dream!
 And take me a shopping, and never frown
 If I demanded an expensive gown,
 Or seal-skin sacque, the very best in town.
 He promised me, he promised me.
2. He promised me that I should freely share
 In all the profits of Chicago's fair;
 He'd buy me rubies red, of purest glow,
 Out of his portion of our little show;
 Diamonds and bangles for my hands and feet. —
 I cried, "Dear Uncle, you are awful sweet;
 Perhaps a sweetheart at that fair I'll meet"
 He promised me, he promised me.

ISABELLA:

Make him keep his word, my dear. Columbus has told me some very curious stories about that uncle of yours. See your lawyer, and have the whole thing in black and white before you do a bit of that circus business. But I must really go and change my things. Cortez, call a coupe, please.

CORTEZ

Why, with pleasure, Your Majesty.

CHORUS:

We have never seen such a lovely queen,
 Fresh from fair Castile afar;
 And King Ferdinand, so tall and so bland,
 Seems to languish for the bar:
 We shall take them where the con carne
 With frijoles are seething hot,
 And give them all our store,
 Tamales, and what not.
 Then call a coupé, and drive them both away to a Spanish
 Menu,
 Yes, a Spanish menu.
 From the billows' foam to all the comforts of home,
 To tamales all piping hot,
 Pack off this royal lot.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

SITTING BULL'S CAMP. TREES, RUSTIC BENCHES, WIGWAMS
IN REAR OF STAGE. TIME MORNING.

(Curtain rises disclosing minuet dancers and Ward McAllister on the stage.)

WARD McALLISTER:

If this fête be a success I'll off to Spain with their Majesties. I'm just the kind of person they want about the Court. Now you dancing people, go on with your rehearsal. Remember you will have royalty for an audience. Skip.

(Minuet Exit. Enter Washington.)

WASHINGTON:

SOLO. *(Music by H. J. Stewart.)*

I'm the most historic woodsman in the world;
I can chop away all day and never stop;
And wherever Freedom's standard is unfurled,
There you'll hear the stirring story of my chop.

When Ma beheld my hatchet,
And when she tried to snatch it,
She cried "Stop!"
I cried "Chop!"

Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chop, chopping, chop,
chop, chopping,
Never stopping, not one chop, chop, chop, chopping,
chop, chop, chopping,
Never, never stopping, not one chop.

(While Washington is singing this song, Benedict Arnold enters, guiding Mary Washington, and points him out to her.)

ARNOLD *(To audience)*:

Ha! ha! ha! I knew I should betray him. This is my regular business.

MARY WASHINGTON *(pulls George away by the collar and sings)*:

Thus history, you see, is all awry,
For, on my word he would not stop his chopping
Till I took the naughty boy and made him cry,
I gave him such a hard and fearful whopping
When I laid on the shingle,

GEORGE: Ah! how my nerves did tingle.

MARY: I cried "Whop!"

GEORGE: I cried "Stop!"

| MARY: Whop. |

| GEORGE: Stop. |

MARY: } I
GEORGE: } She kept whopping, whop, whop, whopping,
Never stopping, not one whop.

MARY: } I
GEORGE: } She kept whopping, whop, whop, whopping
Never, never stopping, not one whop.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Indeed you did, Ma; and you were awfully cruel about it, too; the way you flogged this poor orphan was perfectly disgraceful.

MARY WASHINGTON:

You deserved it all, George, every bit of it. But see! what a merry company comes this way!

ARNOLD:

Picnickers; they are giving a grand fete to Ferdinand and Isabella. (*Aside.*) But I'll betray them before the day is over.

(*Enter omnes singing "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" They take their places on the stage and sing the opening chorus.*)

OPENING CHORUS:

In the woodland, merry woodland, here we meet beneath
the trees,

Sing away, now, and be happy, and those royal strangers
please,

Sing away, now, and be happy, and those royal strangers
please.

Sunlight beaming, sunlight streaming, while the fragrant
breezes blow.

Welcome! Ferdy; welcome! Bella; do you like this?
Don't say no.

Pocahontas! Minnehaha! Capt. John Smith! and Paul
Revere!

All your friends now are about you, and are happy you
are here

All your friends now are about you, and are happy you
are here.

ISABELLA:

Thanks, good people, thanks, awfully! Columbus, have you got the sandwiches? Ferd, put my shawl down here, the ground may be damp. Bless me! General Washington and Ma Washington here! and what a fearful weapon, George!

PAUL JONES:

He is conceited on that hatchet question, Your Majesty; quite gone on it, in fact: imagines everything he sees is a cherry tree, and takes a hack at it.

ISABELLA:

How very sad! and such a nice looking man, too. Do give him a sea voyage for his health, Paul.

MALE QUARTETTE (*Penn, Columbus, Paul Revere, Com Perry*):

A trip upon the ocean,
 Dear George, will do you good;
 At first, perhaps, the motion
 May make you shun your food;
 But when you get your sea-legs,
 And hush your seasick groans;
 You'll bless that happy morning,
 You shipped with Pirate Jones,
 You shipped, you shipped, you shipped
 with Pirate Jones.

He's every inch a sailor,
 And fond of marine war;
 He used to be a whaler,
 And smell of oil and tar;
 And swear big words caloric,
 In loud and thrilling tones;
 But now he is historic,
 So ship with Pirate Jones;
 So ship, so ship, so ship with Pirate Jones.

ISABELLA:

Now, Ward, is there anything on the bills before luncheon? If so, trot it out, for I know I am going to be most shockingly hungry.

WARD McALLISTER:

I have secured a party of stranded players I found at Reno, Your Majesty. Funds gave out, manager fled, and were tramping it to San Francisco, when I chartered a

cattle-car, and they are now ready to work out their passage money; and here comes Pres. Harrison with that confounded Baby McKee. He is never easy when that baby is out of his sight.

PRES. HARRISON:

1. Hush-a-bye, baby, listen to me;
Sweet little baby, baby McKee.
Off to the White House, come, now, with me;
Sweet little baby, baby McKee.

(*Speaks.*) Here's its 'ittle bottle, tootsy, wootsy, lals.

2. Grandpapa's baby, Baby McKee,
What ails my pretty one? Some naughty flea!
I love the pretty one, sweetie loves me.
Beautiful baby, sweet Baby McKee.

(*Enter athletes, etc.*)

ISABELLA:

Perfectly charming! How very clever these people are. My dear Ferdinand, I really wish that you would go in a little more for athletics. You are getting awfully rusty, don't you know.

(*Enter Benedict Arnold at the head of a band of Indians—Sitting Bull in command.*)

SITTING BULL:

I am really awfully sorry to break up this picnic party, but permit me, good people, to call your attention to the fact that you are trespassing. Don't you see those notices?

(*Points to notices, "No Trespassing," "Don't Walk on the Grass" "Please Don't Pick the Flowers."*)

WARD McALLISTER:

I assure you, Mr. Sitting Bull, we had no intention of making ourselves disagreeable. And here, you see, we have the King and Queen of Spain.

SITTING BULL:

It makes no difference to me. This worthy gentleman (*pointing to Benedict Arnold*), betrayed you, and, much as I regret it, I shall have to obey the traditions of my people, and scalp you all, beginning with the Queen.

ISABELLA:

Scalp me! and in this climate, too! Why, I shall get my death of cold! Can't you take enough off Ferdinand for two, and permit my bangs to remain? Besides, you may have his crown thrown in.

SITTING BULL:

I should only be too pleased to oblige you, Your Majesty; but what would history say? And at my time of life I cannot afford to be misrepresented. The newspapers would abuse me most horribly, I assure you. Why, they might even call me a philanthropist, and force me to give things away to the public to keep my name up. No, I really will have to scalp you.

HIAWATHA:

Come now, let the lady be. I was in the scalping business long before you were born, and I have something to say about this. Scalp Arnold, yonder, if you must have another specimen for your cabinet.

ARNOLD:

He can't, I wear a wig; and besides, I betrayed you all on the condition that I was not to be interfered with.

FERDINAND:

I have not much to say about this matter, though I am obliged to Your Majesty for kindly suggesting to this beastly savage to take my crown. Mr. Bull, will you be satisfied with two dollars and a half for the damage we have involuntarily done your premises, and for these flowers, which are property flowers and of small value? Speak now! I won't raise the bid.

SITTING BULL:

I will not. Please hand me that crown, and let me show you how a free untrammelled ace of the prairie can take the King.

MCALLISTER:

Say, this is all wrong. It is quite against the social code. You have not been introduced to anyone here. Pray wait for some moments, until I go through the ceremony.

ALL THE LADIES:

We refuse an introduction. He is not in our set.

SITTING BULL:

Oh! you can't hurt my feelings, ladies, but I am afraid your set won't recognize you when I have finished my coiffure business. Ha! ha! ha! I do love one of those grim jokes for which I am so justly celebrated. Young Man Afraid-of-his-tailor! hand me that knife!

PAUL REVERE:

You bloodthirsty old rascal! Do you think I have been midnight-riding about this country all these years without knowing something? If there is any scalping to be done, we'll do it. (*Blows horn.*) What, ho! George! To the rescue! To the rescue!

(*Washington marches in at the head of the Continental troops and surrounds the Indians.*)

WASHINGTON:

I suspected that something of this sort would occur, Your Majesty, so I kept my troops just around the corner. What is your pleasure? Shall we kill off those Indians? Just say the word, and we shall send them all to the happy hunting grounds. Soldiers! aim!

ISABELLA:

No! no! not on my account, General. We are very much obliged to you for coming in at the right time; but I would not have those wretches harmed, though if you would induce them to go in for soap and water and have their hair combed, I should esteem it a favor. You have a very efficient company here, General, I should like to see how you do these things on this side of the ocean. And now, if you please, I should like to go back to town, that is, you all choose to. Arnold, I think you are just too horrid for anything. Mr. Bull, if you want to show your gratitude, keep that disagreeable creature with you and make a medicine-man of him.

(*Indians seize Arnold, and handle him roughly. Tableau is formed. Indians and Continentals in rear of stage.*)

CLOSING CHORUS:

Oh, back to the town we go,
 The forest may be quite nice and quite free;
 But the savage is | our foe; |
 Then welcome the town, the dear, dusty town,
 For we have a notion, this red-skin commotion
 Is rather too low.
 We'll gladly strike the trail,
 And leave this savage lot,
 And at home tell the tale,
 How we, like heroes fought;
 And gleaming falchions flashed,
 As on the foe we dashed.
 And quickly put the chief to sleep,
 With blows inflicted, strong and deep,
 He hardly knew he'd come to grief,
 That wicked old chief.
 But now we'll take our Isabella,
 And Ferd, with his big umbrella,
 Back to the city's civilized streets,
 To hob-nob with New York's elite.
 So with a sigh,
 We say good-bye,
 We say good-bye.

(Curtain.)

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